Old things made new, Waiting for you

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Old things made new, Waiting for you

by dylan69

Summary

"For the last time, I really don't know what you're talking about."

"I am your most devoted follower-"

"Is that why you followed me into the McDonald's bathroom? Look, I don't know if you're having some kind of a dementia flare up or something-"

"I am far too young to have dementia, if you will just listen to me about your divine nature-"

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After a disastrous blind date Will finds himself trailed by a man who claims himself to be a high priest and Will to be his god. Will thinks he's insane, but after finding that the man is traveling with a teen girl, he lets them both into his home and into his life.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

“For the last time, I really don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“I am your most devoted follower-“

“Is that why you followed me into the McDonald’s bathroom? Look, I don’t know if you’re having some kind of a dementia flare up or something-“

“I am far too young to have dementia, if you will just listen to me about your divine nature-“

“Please stop, I don’t know what you want, but I work for the FBI, I can arrest you for stalking.”

“You cannot assume I’m in the wrong for following my god. It is my right as your High Priest.”

Will clenched his fists, reminded himself that even if the man deserved it, Will would still face legal consequences if he punched him, and then slammed the bathroom door in his stalker’s face.

Damn McDonald’s, damn his stalker, and damn Alana for setting him up on the blind date that led to this whole mess. He’d never trust her with his love life again. Will had originally been over the moon to hear about her hot, charming, tall, older bachelor friend. He’d been even more thrilled when Alana had told him about the man’s affinity for curly brunettes with blue eyes.

Will had thought he’d finally found the cure to his dating woes, but, just like everything else in Will’s life, it fucked him over.

Alana had forgotten to mention that her hot, charming, tall, older bachelor friend was also batshit insane.

The date had gone wonderfully. The older man had taken Will to a fancier restaurant then he’d expected for a first date and had refused to let Will see the price of anything. Their conversation had flown freely, they’d meandered from average discussions to more macabre topics effortlessly.

Then the man had taken Will back home, and nearly fucked the life out of him. Will had slept with men before, but they tended to use his body as a receptacle, a tool for their own pleasure. Alana’s friend had Will seeing stars. He’d nailed every sensitive part of Will, touched everything Will wanted touched. The man had made Will feel impossibly good, dragging out multiple, amazing orgasms and even causing Will to squirt for the first time.

Will had assumed it was love at first-night-stand, until he woke up the next morning to see the man chanting and praying over him.

Ever since that night, Alana's friend had been following Will, showing up everywhere Will was, trying to tell him that he was actually a god. Apparently the man was dead set in believing that Will was his secret messiah or something. Will knew he was a good lay, but he didn't think he was *that* good.

Will stormed out of the McDonald's, furious and Big Mac-less. He stomped to his car when he felt something, or more accurately someone, following him. Will whirled around, only to see Alana's friend standing uncomfortably close behind him.

The man was breathing over his shoulder with that uncanny smile stretched across his face.

"I thought I told you to leave." Will said, grinding his teeth.

"My car is in this direction." the man said. Will wished he remembered the man's name so he could curse him out.

"Sure it is." Will said, shoulders tensed as he walked.

Unfortunately, Alana's friend wasn't lying. His car, a goddamn Bentley, was sitting right next to Will's beaten Volvo.

Will froze when he saw the Bentley. A young girl poked her head out the window of the expensive car, "Hannibal! Did you get the Divine One?"

Will turned on the man, Hannibal, jabbing a finger into his chest, "Did you kidnap a teenager?"

Said teenager replied, "No, he didn't. I chose to come and follow the Divine One. Now, are we going to your temple to worship or not?"

"I don't *have* a temple."

"Your house then."

Will's consciousness burned in him. He couldn't leave a teenager in the presence of this madman. He just couldn't. Unfortunately, if he wanted to help the girl he'd need to talk with her alone.

His shoulders sagged as he said, "Yes, you are. Follow my car home, you have to take some back roads to get there."

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Will felt a little like a monkey in a zoo when Hannibal and his teen accomplice began to gawk at the inside of his home. They moved slowly, combing through each room, picking up and cradling Will's belongings like they were sacred relics.

"This is an object of utmost religious importance, Abigail."

“Actually, it’s a plastic dog figurine I got from the thrift.” Will said, snatching the dog out of Hannibal’s hands and setting it back onto the shelf.

Hannibal, seeming immune to being turned down, looked to Will with the same creepy adoration on his face, and asked, “Would you like dinner? I can cook for you.”

“No, that’s fine, I can make something myself.”

“Really, I must insist, you allow me-“

Will shoved a finger in front of Hannibal’s lips. He used his other hand to point at the teen, “You, what’s your name?”

“Abigail.” She said.

“Do you want a sandwich, Abigail?”

She nodded, enthused, while Hannibal looked a little like Will had dumped a bucket of water on him.

Will headed into the kitchen, quickly grabbing a bag of bread, a jar of mayo, some ham, a tomato, and sliced cheese. He sniffed the cheese, then passed it over to Abigail, asking, “Does this smell alright? I don’t know how long it’s been in the fridge.”

Abigail smelled it, while Hannibal spoke up, “It is incredibly improper for someone of your standing to consume such…” he paused, glancing at the bag of WonderBread, “lowly ingredients.”

Will snatched the bag of bread, holding it to his chest, “I like this brand. Reminds me of my childhood.”

“I would be ecstatic to go and purchase you a freshly baked loaf of real bread.”

Will ignored the man as he plucked four pieces of WonderBread and slathered two with mayo.

“Is that mayonnaise fresh? I could make you some with eggs from a local farm and oil.”

Will clenched his teeth as he sliced the tomato.

“You should allow me to do this. I would get you an heirloom tomato and properly salt it.”

“You know what, Hannibal, I think you should do just that.” Will said, placing his hands on the man’s chest and pressing him out of the kitchen.

Hannibal turned and walked out the door, clearly excited to be given a task.

As soon as the man was out the front door, Will locked it, closing his eyes. “I’ll let him back in an hour or so, I just need a moment to think.” He said to Abigail.

He made them both sandwiches while Abigail fed the dogs. They ate, hunched over his kitchen table.

“So,” Will asked, broaching the dreaded topic, “how did you get mixed up with all of this?” He gestured in the air with the sandwich.

“Worshiping? Do you remember Garret Jacob Hobbs?”

Will nodded, thinking of the first case he’d ever worked. He’d barely been out of college when the head of the BAU had approached him. Sometimes Will still felt the sticky blood of Mrs. Hobbs on his hands.

“I was his daughter.”

Will’s eyes went wide with shock, “H-how?”

“My dad was already worshiping you. He was sacrificing what he found the most important.”

The bite of sandwich froze in Will’s throat, sticking there, “You, or versions of you.”

“Yeah, but you shot him before he could kill me. The system lost track of me a few years after it happened and I’ve been searching for you ever since. I met Hannibal a few years ago and we bonded over our mutual religious belief.”

Will dropped his head into his hands, “This is insane. It’s not healthy for you to obsess like this. I’m going to get you a therapist. You cannot cope with the trauma of your father’s death by deifying me.”

“I don’t need a therapist, I need you to accept the fact that you’re a god.”

Will shook his head, wondering what exactly had become of his life.

“If you aren't a god, why do you look exactly like you did when you shot my dad? You still look barely twenty.”

“I have good genes. My dad is nearly seventy, but he doesn’t look a day over thirty.”

“That’s not normal. Do you know your mom?”

Will shook his head, “You’re pulling at straws to support your delusions. Once you talk to a mental health professional, you’ll realize that this is all crazy and can start healing.”

“Hannibal is a psychiatrist.”

“Hannibal doesn’t count.” Will paused, counted to ten, and reminded himself it was best to take it slow, “How about you help me take the dogs out before bed?”

Will popped open the back door and let the tidal wave of fur and wagging tails flow outside.

As he and Abigail walked, Will noticed that she always walked at his left side, a step behind him. Every time Will slowed his walk so she could catch up, she would slow as well.

“Is there something on my back?” He asked.

Abigail shook her head. Will came to a stop.

“Why do you walk behind me?”

“It’s the proper way to show deference to a god.”

Will massaged his temples, “You don’t have to do that. I’m not a god.”

Abigail stood there and raised her eyebrows.

“What if I said I prefer to be ‘worshiped’ by someone standing next to me?”

The girl considered this, then stepped forward, smiling.

Will smiled back then looked at the tree line, “Why the hell is Hannibal out in the forest?”

Abigail squinted, “I can’t see him. It’s too dark.”

“I can see clear as day. You should eat more carrots.”

Abigail huffed and saw Hannibal emerge from the darkness. The man was carrying several bags on each arm and wore a mask of strict displeasure.

“I will need to have a copy of your house key made as soon as the morning comes.” He demanded.

“What? Why would I give you a copy of my house key?” .

“How am I, your High Priest, intended to worship if I am frequently locked out?”

“Who said you’re staying here?”

Hannibal stared at Will with an expression that said neither he nor Abigail would be leaving soon.

Will felt a headache coming on as he called the dogs. What the hell had happened to his life, he thought. All eighteen of the dogs trotted behind him, in two perfect, even lines, just like they always did. At least one thing in his life was consistent.

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Once inside, Will noticed the time with a wince. It was far too late for a growing teen to be up.

How old was Abigail, he wondered, as he brought out a new set of sheets. While she looked barely eighteen, Will had shot her dad nearly seventeen years ago. He pressed his mind to

remember how old the girl was when it all went down. His memory was fuzzy, he only remembered how small she was, how tiny she looked conspired to her father's knife, how protective rage surged inside of him. He remembered the satisfying jerk of the gun's recoil, he remembered the way the autopsy report said it looked as if Hobbs' guts had torn themself up, but he couldn't remember how old Abigail was.

The moment Hannibal saw Will carrying the sheets upstairs, he snatched them out of Will's hands.

Will begrudgingly lead Hannibal to the unused bedroom. The taller man put on the sheets, while Abigail and Will dusted and aired out the guest room.

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Will smiled as he walked down stairs, content knowing that Hannibal and Abigail were settled for the night. He felt like he'd started to make headway with Abigail. It may take more time then he initially planned on to pry her from Hannibal's side, but he thinks he could do it.

Once Abigail was free, Will could get a restraining order. Then once Hannibal inevitably broke the order, Will could have him arrested and never have to deal with the man again.

Will could almost taste freedom, could feel himself leaving this all behind. In a few months this would be a story to awkwardly tell Alana over the beers that they occasionally shared. She'd laugh, apologize for bringing Hannibal into his life and then realize that Will was better off alone.

He had been seconds away from grabbing himself a glass of whiskey before he felt a familiar presence behind him.

"Where is our bed, Will?"

"*Our* bed?" Will said, clenching his fist around the fridge door. Maybe he'd need more than one glass of whiskey that night.

"Yes. It is traditional for High Priests to rest close to their gods, or to their gods alters if the physical god isn't present. Unless you have an altar, I assumed I would be sleeping in your bed."

"You have a habit of assuming a whole lot." Will abandoned the bottle of whiskey and headed towards the bathroom.

"I find it best to lead with a foot in the door. A man gets nothing he cannot ask for, and you had no problem sleeping with me previously. If you like I can give you a repeat performance from the last time we shared a bed."

Will shut the bathroom door hard, immediately turning on the shower to drown out Hannibal's noise.

He stepped into the stream of water, thanking past-Will for installing a new water heater.

Will allowed the water to slide over him, washing away the worries of the day, at least temporarily. He lathered up his hair and scrubbed his skin, losing himself in the practiced motions.

Will had been unable to masturbate for the past week and he felt the need burn in his stomach. He'd been too worried about Hannibal appearing outside his window to properly enjoy himself.

Now the man was in his house.

Keep your friends close, your enemies closer, and your stalker closest of all, Will thought, pressing his forehead to the tile and grinding his hips down onto the meat of his palm.

The friction was pleasing, but wasn't satisfying.

Will thought back to the handsome man right outside the door. The handsome man with a fantastic tongue, who'd be more than willing to help Will with his problem.

Absolutely not, Will thought, mentally shaking himself down. The number one rule when dealing with stalkers was not to have sex with them.

Actually the number one rule with stalkers was not to invite them into your home, Will thought, sardonically. The number two rule was not to have sex with them.

Will's neglected cock twitched and his resolve shattered.

He stormed out of the bathroom, towel around his waist, steam billowing from the shower. Will pointed at Hannibal, who'd been sitting outside the bathroom door, "Can you eat me out again?"

Hannibal looked like a house cat that caught a canary, "I would be more than delighted to."

"Abigail is sleeping upstairs, correct?"

"I gave her sleeping pills and water before she went to bed."

"Did you drug her- Did you plan for this?" Will exclaimed, cutting himself off.

"I had a feeling you would require my assistance, and would hate for us to be interrupted."

Will huffed and dropped the towel, Hannibal trailing him.

"Will, Divine One, you should really lay down and allow me to pleasure you. It would only be right, you should feel no need to exert yourself so."

Will sat down on the bed, Hannibal bending over him and continuing his tirade. "While I loathe to use such banal terminology, you simply need to be a pillow princess and allow a priest to take care of you."

"Shut up." Will said, gripping Hannibal by his shoulders and pushing him down onto the bed.

Will threw a leg over Hannibal so he was kneeling over the man's face, "I'm going to put your mouth to better use."

Will lowered himself, moaning as he felt Hannibal's warm mouth, the slight stubble of his upper lip. His three inch t-cock sat next to Hannibal's aristocratic nose. The contrast was what did it for Will. The softness of tongue and the roughness of the stubble, the graceful, statuesque appearance of Hannibal's face compared to the dirty nature of it all.

He gasped as Hannibal's hot tongue ran up the length of his cunt.

"K-keep doing that."

Hannibal complied, licking, slowly exploring every fold as if he was savoring the taste. He moved his jaw is small, slow circular motions, stimulating areas normally left untouched.

Hannibal gently shifted his upper lip, moving his nose, sending sparks up Will's spine and causing him to bend forward and grip at the sheets. He rolled his hips down, chasing the sensation.

Will groaned, dripping onto Hannibal's face. The man reached up and gripped Will's hips, yanking him up to nip at the sensitive skin of Will's thighs, then jerked him down, pressing up with his tongue drawn flat. Will jerked, back going straight as heat pulsed through him, running like a live wire from his cock all the way to the back of his skull.

Will used one hand to grab Hannibal's hair, another to bat away the hands at his hips. "Keep to yourself." He said, voice airy and breath coming in huffs.

Hannibal shockingly complied with the request. Will used his grip on the other man's hair to grind down, rolling his hips in circular motions, rubbing his dick against Hannibal's nose. He nearly poked the man below him in the eye as he bucked.

Pleasure boiled in his guts, his heart sped up and his motions grew more erratic.

Will came with a clipped moan. He squeezed his thick thighs around Hannibal's head while he pressed down, likely cutting off Hannibal's supply of oxygen for a minute while he rode out his orgasm.

Will rolled off Hannibal's face, then collapsed into the mattress. "That was…" Will let out a satisfied sigh, "really good. Thanks." Will would normally offer to give his partner a hanjob at least, but after a week worth of stalking, Will thought Hannibal could live with some blue balls.

Hannibal was delightfully silent. Will reached down and tossed his towel at the man, "Clean your face off."

Hannibal grabbed the towel, but did nothing, his eyes blown wide. Golden, glimmering liquid coated the bottom half of his face.

"Seriously, it's not hot to see you covered in my cum anymore, it's kind of gross."

His stalker dragged two fingers across his cheek and placed them in his mouth, sucking. His eyes fell closed.

Will turned onto his side, away from Hannibal, grumbling, “You had to go and make it weird, didn’t you.”

“How can you claim to be a normal mortal when your cum glows, when it tastes like sunshine?” Hannibal said.

“That’s normal.” Will replied, tired, “It’s normal for people with cunts to taste like that.”

“It absolutely is not. Have you ever slept with someone who has a vagina?”

“Yeah.”

“Did their cum look like gold?”

Will covered his face with a pillow, “I don’t remember, it was twenty years ago, I was in college. Can we just go to sleep?”

Hannibal said nothing more, but Will felt that this wouldn’t be the end of anything. Hannibal has plans, big plans, and Will wasn’t sure if he’d like what was coming.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will awoke to sunlight on his face and hands gently arranging his body, pulling him into a sitting position. He groaned, rubbing off the vestiges of sleep with the back of his hand. Will blinked his eyes open as something heavy and warm was placed into his lap.

Sitting on his legs was a tray nearly overflowing with beautifully arranged breakfast foods. A glimmering, golden yellow omelette, four pieces of french toast dusted with powdered sugar and decorated with fruit, a tower of fat, fluffy pancakes dripping in syrup, and a glass of orange juice. A flower in a small vase sat in the corner.

Will blinked, shocked. His head turned, swiveling to his left and right to look at Hannibal and Abigail at either side. Both were dressed impeccably, hair perfect, smiles locked on their faces.

“I picked the flower,” Abigail announced.

“I don’t have any orange juice, hell, I don’t think I have any of this in my fridge,” Will said, at a loss for words for anything else.

“It’s freshly squeezed. I bought oranges this morning, when Abigail and I went shopping,” Hannibal said, looking as if he was about to start purring.

“When did you have time for that?” Will asked, feeling like a complete mess. While Abigail and Hannibal looked like they walked straight off a magazine cover, Will was still laid up in bed, hair looking like a rat's nest.

“You have no need to worry about such things,” Hannibal replied.

Will squinted at him, very much worried about such things, “You’re not going to Jonestown me right?”

“I’d never tamper with the food. Moverover, if I had any desire to do you harm,” Hannibal reached forward, smile on his face, as he wrapped one large hand around Will’s slender throat, “I have had ample opportunities to do it in a much more efficient manner.”

Will gulped, feeling his throat strain against Hannibal’s thick fingers. Hannibal picked up a fork and used the side to cut a piece of the omelette. He stabbed it through and lifted the prongs up to Will’s slightly parted lips. Will tensed, opened his mouth and bit down. The omelette was light, fluffy, and delicious. Will fought to swallow, the food almost stuck in his throat due to the compression.

Hannibal let go, smile still wide, and Will sucked in a deep breath of air.

Will's eyes darted around the room. If he tried to run, Hannibal would grab him. If he threw the food at Hannibal, Abigail would be on him. This may be more dangerous than he first assumed.

Hannibal offered a fork-full of french toast to Will. He bit it and it was just as delicious as the omelette.

Will took the butter knife and gestured at the fork, every movement small, "May I?"

Hannibal nodded, looking a little forlorn, "For now, yes."

Will took the utensils and began to eat.

"Forgive the lack of meat, I only intend to give you the best and I have yet to have the time to acquire some," Hannibal said.

"You really don't have to bother yourself," Will said, voice shaky.

"Nonsense, there is nothing I would be happier to do than to provide you with proper sacrifices."

Will said nothing, taking a sip of the juice. He ate the rest of the food in silence, politely turned down when he offered some to Abigail.

The food was delicious and it sat comfortably and warm in his stomach. It was more than he normally ate. Will gently rubbed his slightly distended gut, leaning back into the pillows.

"Thank you," he said, watching as the two cultists beamed.

When Hannibal lifted the tray off of Will's lap, he saw the clock. Will scrambled forward, "It's almost ten? I have work today!"

Abigail grabbed his arm with surprising strength, holding him down, "You don't need to go to work. Hannibal has more than enough money to provide for all of us."

Will jerked his arm back, freeing himself, "No-no, I'm going to work. I'm leaving now."

The man got up from bed and threw on his clothes from the day before. Will feared if he took the time to go to his dresser and get a new outfit, he'd never be allowed to leave. Hannibal watched him with wide, owl-like eyes, silent and impossibly still.

Will thanked past-Will for leaving his wallet and car key in his pocket as he stumbled out the door and into his car.

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When Will got to his classroom, he found it was already occupied, not by students, but by Beverly Katz, a menagerie of crime scene photos, and peace offering in the form of a cup of coffee.

Will grabbed the coffee and chugged it, barely recognizing the scalding temperature.

“Thanks,” he said, voice gruff.

“Holy shit, Graham, is your throat made of steel?” Katz asked.

Will rolled his eyes and tossed the empty cup into a trash bin, “How difficult would it be to get a restraining order and adoption papers in one court trip?”

“Are you adopting the same person you’re getting a restraining order from?” Katz asked, acting as if Will’s inquiry was completely normal.

“No, it’s a girl and her not-dad. The dad is a pain but she deserves better.”

“Is he abusive?” Katz’s nonchalance dropped, turning to concern.

“No, he’s just,” Will considered what to say for a moment, “obsessively religious.”

“I don’t think that would hold up in court.”

Will sighed, but agreed. He glanced at the photos and switched gears, “If you want me to work on a profile, Jack cannot know I helped.”

Katz nodded, well aware of their routine. Whenever her corner of the BAU needed assistance, she’d come to Will. He’d take apart the killer from the photos she provided, then she’d take the revelations back and hide Will’s involvement from Jack.

Will flipped through the photos, grabbing Katz’s coffee and sipping it. The images were of twenty people of various genders, ages, and races. They’d been killed, coated in resin, and floated down a river.

“They’re all different.”

“Yeah,” Katz agreed, “he doesn’t seem to have a specific victim profile.”

“No, the differences have to mean something,” Will’s eyes skittered across the images, “I think he’s collecting them. He’s got a whole spread of them, each with different skin tones.”

“There are a couple of victims who all died at a similar time who have the same tone.”

“We’re looking at his discard pile. The resin on these ones didn’t preserve them correctly,” Will considered Hannibal and the man’s obsessive religious drive. He saw something similar in these kills, “Look for religious men, likely farmers but not priests. He’ll be middle aged, likely anti-social, and lives in an isolated area.”

Katz nodded, gathering up the photos, “Thanks, Graham.”

Will hummed, finishing the dregs of her coffee and readying himself for his first class.

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Will was halfway through a lecture on the Chesapeake Ripper's first murders when he saw his stalker creep into the lecture hall. The man, imposing as ever, snuck through the back of the room, looming over seated students.

Will glared at him, refusing to stop his teaching, only to be met with a sly grin. Hannibal stayed blissfully silent and unnoticed for the rest of the lesson. He watched Will instruct with rapt attention, smile never leaving his face even as Will reached the gorey details of the Ripper's murders.

Will released the class five minutes early, something he'd never done previously. Most of the students streamed out of the classroom, thrilled with their good fortune while two walked up to Will's podium.

He stared at them, barely holding back a grimace. They were mediocre students, only memorable due to their aggressive interest in Will. He was used to a handful of students who were hot for teacher, it came with the job, but these two refused to get the hint that Will wasn't interested.

Will steeled himself as they approached. He wasn't even dropping hints anymore. He'd given both students multiple lectures about inappropriate conduct and power dynamics in relationships, yet they wouldn't leave him alone.

"Hey, Professor Graham, want to make use of the extra five minutes you gave us? I can think of some fun ways to pass the time."

Will opened his mouth to say something, before Hannibal came up and placed one hand on each of the students' shoulders.

"If your idea of fun can be satisfied within five minutes, perhaps you should go practice with more willing participants than your professor," the man said.

The students looked up at Hannibal, and his hand tightened. Will nearly winced in sympathy, knowing just how much force hid behind those large hands. For a man so well manicured, who presented himself as a preening aristocrat from old money, Hannibal had the strength of a panther hidden behind his skin.

"Who are you?" the student on the left asked.

"I'm his fiancé, and I would like you to get *out*."

The two students froze, "We had no idea he was engaged."

"We're incredibly sorry," the other said, apologizing profusely, "Professor Graham, we won't tell anyone."

Will knew students, and he knew that they'd be telling everyone at the academy about Professor Graham's secret fiancé.

Hannibal released them, and the two ran out of the room, reminiscent of dogs with tails between their legs.

“Fiancé?” Will hissed.

“Yes, while I have plenty of money, the tax breaks afforded to married couples when they merge finances will help us greatly”, Hannibal responded, calm as ever.

“Merge finances?” Will exclaimed.

“Yes, once we have enough manpower to be legally recognized as a church we’ll also be able to take advantage of those tax breaks as well. I have our finances planned out for the next decade or so.”

Will sputtered like a dying engine.

Hannibal continued, “If I am to erect a proper temple within the next few months it will do good for us to have money saved.”

Will’s brain blue screened, completely rebooting, before he asked, “Why are you here?”

“You forgot lunch,” Hannibal lifted an insulated bag.

Will sighed, watching the man begin to unpack two plates, a steaming container of rice, and a delicious thermos full of red curry.

“It’s just a vegetable curry with rice, I am incredibly sorry. I still have yet to procure any proper meat and I was in a rush when Abigail and I realized that you had nothing to eat. I hope you will forgive me, I have no intention to be as foolish in the future.”

“It’s really fine, just cooking for me is more than enough.”

Hannibal proffered Will a fork, loaded with fluffy rice and rich curry. Will leaned forward an inch and took a bite. He chewed it, eyes falling closed and savoring the layered and delicious taste.

His eyes snapped open, fork still in his mouth. What the hell was he doing, letting his stalker wander into his workplace, assert that they were getting married, and feed him, Will thought. Enjoying the food was positive reinforcement, something he could not give Hannibal. Didn’t he learn anything from training eighteen dogs, he wondered.

Still, Will didn’t bring any lunch and the curry was so much better than a bag of stale chips from the vending machine.

Will snatched the fork up and ate another bit, hungry enough not to put up a fight.

“Why did my students listen to you when you said I wasn’t available?” Will asked, nose wrinkling.

Hannibal looked him up and down, that same glimmer of obsessive something in his eyes, “You are as intimidating as a kitten.”

Will grumbled in what he considered to be an incredibly un-kitten like manner.

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Hannibal sat at Will's desk for the rest of the day, watching Will as he taught his last two classes. If Will really focused, he could pretend Hannibal wasn't there, which was almost nice, and the man growled at any students that stayed after class to pester Will.

When the day was over, Will realized that Hannibal had stolen his car keys. He petulantly let Hannibal drive him home and make dinner for him and Abigail. Unfortunately, the meal Hannibal made was delicious.

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After dinner, Hannibal shoed Abigail off to bed so he could look after the Divine One. Hannibal was delighted once his God turned out to be incredibly horny. The Divine One laid down and allowed Hanibal to work three fingers into him before he yawned, a small, pink mouth opening wide, revealing the tips of his teeth. He leaned back onto the bed.

"I'm usually never this tired," he said, looking up at Hannibal.

Hannibal stretched his fingers causing his god to shiver, pleasure dancing up his spine. "I can continue while you rest," Hannibal offered.

The Divine One stretched, "Are you okay with that?" he yawned again, sleepy yet painfully turned on, "I don't want to sleep just yet, but…"

"You're tired?" Hannibal offered, "Tell me, Divine One, have you ever heard of somnophilia?"

"Sleeping sex?" his God asked, pushing himself up onto his elbows, "I'm familiar, why?"

"If you wish to rest and get off, it is an efficient way to solve both problems."

His God bit his lip, considering it, holding back a moan as Hannibal moved his thumb in circles at the bottom of Will's cock, "Just this once, alright? If I let you do this now, it doesn't mean that I'm okaying it in the future."

"Of course," Hannibal said, "Now please, relax."

Will's head hit the pillow as tiredness overwhelmed him. Like a warm, heavy, comfortable wave, pushing his eyes close, forcing his limbs limp.

Hannibal grinned down at his god, delighted that the frightful thing was finally willing to allow his High Priest to fulfill his job. This time it took a few legally dubious sleeping pills, but soon enough the Divine One would consistently let Hannibal deal with his mortal woes.

His exploration slowed for twenty minutes to let his god fall into deep sleep. Hannibal had no desire to wake his idol.

Hannibal watched as the Divine One's eyes began to twitch beneath his lids.

He then walked to his god's bedside table and opened the bottom drawer, revealing a white and blue wand with a bulbous head. While Hannibal did not need an aid to pleasure his god, there was nothing wrong with using a holy relic on occasion to assist.

A hitachi vibrating wand might not be a stereotypical object of religious worship, but every faith was different.

He turned on the lowest setting and ran the head across his god's delectable thighs, muscles twitched under the attention. Hannibal remembered the ancient tomes he'd read, of the old rituals done to worship gods.

His mind locked onto the concept of theophagy, the consumption of a god. Once his god accepted that he was immortal, that he only chose to feel pain, Hannibal imagined all the wonderful things they could do.

He saw himself taking a blessed knife and cutting thin slices of golden thighs. Hannibal placed the flesh onto his tongue, savory muscles and sweet skin dissolving in his mouth. The priest had to close his eyes to keep himself from cumming at the thought.

Hannibal upped the power and stroked his god's cock. The Divine One's hips twitched upward, an unconscious, instinctual motion of a body chasing sensation.

He kissed his god's slack lips, warm and soft, then moved his mouth down. He kissed downwards, trailing his tongue across his god's jaw, his long neck, his delicate collarbones, and his small yet supple breasts. They were tiny things, resting on his chest, barely more then a cisgender male would have. Yet his nipples were pink and large. Hannibal swirled his tongue around the bud and lightly sucked.

He salivated, thinking of drinking rich milk from the tits below him. The priest imagined when they'd grow, heavy and leaking, filled, pressure causing his god to squirm until Hannibal relieved him. Hannibal would suck and nip until he broke the skin around the nipple, mixing holy milk and divine blood.

Hannibal twisted the vibrator, then moved his wrist in small circles, cranking the vibration to the maximum. A slow, groan-like moan leaked from the Divine One's lips. Hannibal cupped his cock and used two fingers to spread his folds. He placed the head of the vibrator between them, retracting his fingers and lightly pressing his god's dick onto the hitachi.

His hips bucked upwards, then he sagged against the bed.

The priest retracted the toy and took it to the bathroom sink to wipe it off. He brought back a damp towelette to wipe down his god. He collected the sweat in long, soft strokes, gathering it on the fabric. Hannibal then spread his god's folds, and cleaned off the cum.

He tucked the Divine One in, making sure the blanket swaddled every inch of him. Hannibal then took the towel to the bathroom, originally with the intent to wash it out.

Yet, as Hannibal held the glistening fabric in his hand, he found himself bringing it to his nose instead. It smelled of sweetness and something Hannibal could never place. It filled his

lungs, pressing on the back of his throat with desire.

Hannibal used his free hand to unzip his slacks and unsheathed his cock. It stood, menacing and hard. He ran a hand up it, holding his fist below the head, allowing precum to gather.

Then he moved away to use both hands to cradle the towelette. He lifted it above his head and twisted, letting water and fluids, opening his mouth and letting it drip onto his face.

His god's cum and sweat, covering him, nurturing him and becoming part of him. He served his god, and his god fed him.

Hannibal came without a touch, splattering the tile of the bathroom and the wood of the cabinet door with seed.

He cleaned up after himself, then walked into the living room where his god slept. He petted the Divine One's hair as his god's phone began to ring. Hannibal picked it up, realizing that the call was from the Divine One's work at the FBI and quickly turned it on silent.

Will could discuss the reappearance of Miriam Lass' arm after he got a full night of sleep.

Chapter End Notes

hey! its been a hot minute. thank u all for the lovely comments and kudos on this fic! idk when im gonna next update it as this one is kinda on my back burner. but there will be more! eventually!

End Notes

hiiiiiii. does anyone remember when i said my next writing project was going to be a sequel to my previous a/b/o fic? well! i lied!

my dear friend theo brought up the idea of an au where will is a god but doesn't know it and my brain exploded.

(dw tho, im workin on the a/b/o fic, it'll be out soon, the plot just kinda ran away from me so it'll be longer then planned. also! my laptop w all my notes about that fic got broken, so i'm currently writing from my phone)

title is from new zion by the mountain goats!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!